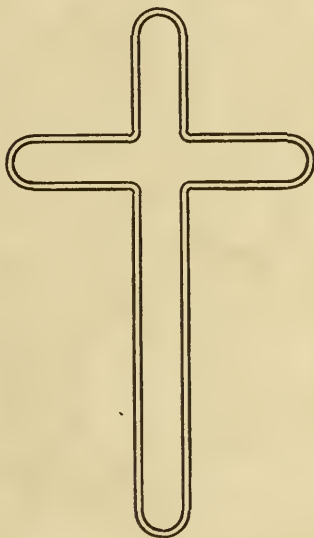


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Gethsemane

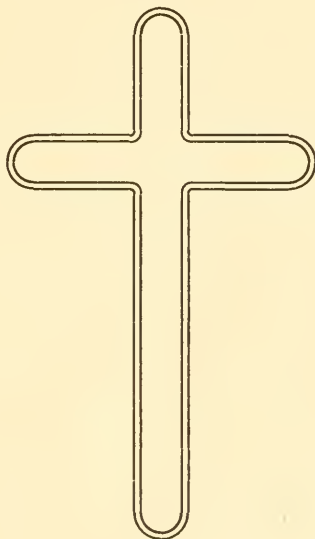
AND OTHER POEMS



MRS. AGNES SMITH

Gethsemane

AND OTHER POEMS



BY
MRS. AGNES SMITH

San Diego, California
1915

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By MRS. AGNES SMITH



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FOREWORD.

The writer of these poems, Mrs. Agnes Smith, was born in Scotland, came to this country thirty years ago, six of which have been spent in San Diego, and, owing to illness in childhood, received a very meagre education. She is now in her 53rd year and had composed no poetry until her 51st year.

It is the wish of the writer that some hearts may be touched and drawn nearer to the Saviour through these poems.



GETHSEMANE.

Gethsemane, Gethsemane.
The Saviour of this world knew thee,
He sweat great drops of blood for me,
In the Garden of Gethsemane.

His twelve disciples with him went
But He selected only three,
To watch with Him for one short hour,
But sleep o'ercome their mortal power.

One of the twelve a traitor was,
He hated Christ without a cause.
'Twas then He plead for him and me,
In the Garden of Gethsemane.

Gethsemane, I love thee well,
'Twas there He suffered much for me.
E'en Satan tried at that late hour
To wrest from Him his saving power.

But Jesus saw me standing there,
A creature lost in great despair.
He drank the cup for you and me,
And followed on to Calvary.

O Calvary, O Calvary,
It was my sins that nailed Him there,
He paid the debt and set me free;
He gave me hope and not despair.

He broke the fetters of the tomb,
He conquered sin and then the grave,
Shall I not give my heart to Him,
To me, eternal life He gave.

**CHRIST TASTED DEATH FOR
EVERY MAN.**

For God so loved the world—
And that means you and me—
That He gave His precious son
To die on Calvary.

Did He forsake the cross,
The cross He bore for me.
Will I, then, trample in the dust,
The Blood of Calvary?

No, with my latest breath,
I'll sing His praises still,
And, with His help, obey
And do His holy will.

For us He died on Calvary,
Our needy souls to save,
But soon we'll sing the triumph song
Of victory o'er the grave.

CHRIST SEEKING THE LOST.

That man of Calvary,
Who is he?
The Saviour of this world
From sin, He'll set us free.

With garments dyed in blood,
Behold He cometh forth,
With outstretched arms
To seek and save the lost.

Lost, I was, and wandered far
Alone, and sin beguiled,
But Jesus sought and found me,
And owned me for His child.

I know the Saviour loves me,
And if I do my part,
He'll recreate and cleanse me
And purify my heart.

And when He comes to earth again,
To gather home His own,
I'll rise with Him to glory
And sing, O Home, Sweet Home.

THE ANGEL BAND.

And when we see the angel band
Descending from on high
And our dear Lord upon the clouds
As King, He will draw nigh.

No more the Babe of Bethlehem, He
As in a manger lay,
To rest and sleep on Mary's arm
Where oxen ate their hay.

No more the man of Galilee,
As with weary steps He trod,
To heal the sick of pain and woe
And teach the word of God.

No more at Lazarus' grave He'll stand
But with triumphant shout,
He'll wake all those, who loved Him here,
And served Him without doubt.

No more with five small wheaten loaves,
The faint and weary feed,
As with compassion He did then,
To help their daily need.

But when we go with Him on high,
A table will be there,
And we shall be His guests that day,
And all His glory share.

So let us work till Jesus comes,
And love Him more and more,
And we shall rest upon His breast,
With all our troubles o'er.

UNITED LOVE TO CHRIST.

Are we a people waiting
For the coming of the Lord?
Do we believe the testimony
Which is the two-edged sword?

Do we believe the Holy word,
And live it day by day?
Do we let the faith of Jesus
In our hearts have full sway?

Or are we like Thy people, Lord,
That wandered far of old
And turned their hearts away from Thee
And sought a God of Gold?

No, no, kind Heavenly Father,
We will closer draw to Thee,
Let every one within Thy fold
In love united be.

You know, dear Heavenly Father,
The sacrifice is great.
But Thou hast often told us
The way to Thee is straight.

So we'll all be one like Daniel,
And stand before our King,
With hearts in love united,
Our voices raised to sing.

The song of Moses and the Lamb,
Upon the crystal sea,
We'll reign with Thee, dear Saviour
Through all eternity.

RENDERING GOOD FOR EVIL.

For, if we've done a kindness,
To a sister, or a brother,
And for it, we've been criticized,
Should we trample one another?

We'll hie us to the throne of grace,
And love them more and more,
And pray for them much oftener
Than we've ever done before.

He that steals our money,
Has taken only trash.
But he that steals our good name
Has taken all we hath.

If our names are in the Book of Life,
What need have we to care,
If they stand the test of judgment,
It's such trials bring us there.

CONSECRATION.

Help us dear Father from this hour,
To turn anew to Thee;
And consecrate our hearts and lives
And ever faithful be.

We know if we are faithful here,
You never will forget,
But will return and take us home,
Where sin can never fret.

We'll lay these weary bodies down,
And rest in peace with Thee:
Within that home Thou hast prepared
And dwell eternally.

The tree of life, we'll there behold
The crystal stream of God,
And with the saints, we'll shout and sing
Forever with the Lord.

THE MIND OF JESUS.

"Let the same mind be found in you that was 'also found in Christ."

If we have the mind of Jesus,
Then our hearts will be filled with
love,
For our brother or our sister,
Who has never lived His word.

We won't have time to criticize
Or trample one another,
Our time will all be taken up
With our weary, way-worn brother.

We will tell the gospel story,
In a cellar or a hut,
In a palace or a cottage
We will ask them to look up.

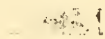
To the meek and lowly Jesus,
Who died to set them free,
Who shed His precious blood for them
On the Cross of Calvary.

If they will only listen,
And obey His blessed commands
That when He comes, He'll take them
home,
To a fair and better land.

If we have the mind of Jesus,
We'll be ready evermore,
To tell this wondrous story
To the heathen at our door.

O God, give grace and courage,
If we no further roam,
To live the old, old story
With the heathen in our home.

They will not always listen,
But by Thy spirit's power
Turn Thou their hearts in love to Thee,
And save them from this hour.



WALKING BY FAITH.

I know not what's before me,
I would not if I could,
The Lord of light and glory,
Could tell me if He would.

But He's kindly veiled the future
From my weary eyes, so dim,
He bids me meet all trials
Through faith alone in Him.

Yes, He turns them into blessings
As He leads me gently on,
For its just through straits and trials
That I'll reach my Home, sweet
Home.

I know He'll lead me safely,
If I put my hand in His,
To a mansion up in glory
In that land of endless bliss.

So I'll just go stepping forward,
I'll not murmur or complain,
For I know the sun shines brighter,
When we've had the mists and rain.

When I reach the land of promise
I'll forget all I've passed through,
And I'll sing the old and new song,
When the Saviour's face I view.

HOW THE TRUTH GOT HOLD OF ME.

I sat alone one evening,
And thought upon the past,
And how I loved the things of time,
When I knew they could not last.

But when I heard the message
Of the angels one, two, three,
It turned my heart from many things
That were so dear to me.

I often sit and ponder
On the scenes of yesterday,
And I cannot help but wonder,
How this Truth got hold of me.

But it told the gospel story
Of the coming of the Lord,
And gave me such a longing
To tell this Truth abroad.

To every weary sin-sick soul
That would lend a hearing ear,
Of the judgment now that's going on,
And soon Christ will appear.

So I've asked the Lord to help me
Be a witness here for Him
Of this three-fold angels' message,
That cleanses us from sin.

O, to tell it, just to tell it,
In a kind and loving way,
To a brother or a sister,
Who, like me, had gone astray.

A MESSAGE FOR THE HEATHEN.

I have a message for the heathen,
Yes, a message bright and fair.
I shall send it o'er to Africa
To a people in despair.

Who have never heard of Jesus,
Who died to set them free,
Oh, how I'd love to tell them
Of the cross He bore for me.

But I am only a little girl,
And how can I go there?
But I'll save up all my pennies,
For I know I've some to spare.

So I won't buy any chewing gum,
Or candy, while at school.
For I intend to sacrifice
And learn the golden rule.

And we will ask you older ones,
To help us all you can,
Not with pennies but with dollars,
For the heathen of that land.

And when we see our Saviour come
From Heaven to claim His own,
By our effort and His sacrifice
Some shall reach their Heavenly
home.

THE EARTH MADE NEW.

Yes, we'll stand with our Redeemer
On the earth made new once more,
We will anchor in the harbor
When the storms of life are o'er.

If we're daily pressing forward
To His precious bleeding side
Our anchor will hold firmly,
No matter what betide.

Have we got our chart and compass,
Does the Lord our life-boat man,
Are we throwing out the life line,
Are we doing all we can

For our weary, storm-tossed brother
Nearly wrecked by many a gale,
Are we launching forth the life-boat,
Are we letting out the sail?

Do we know this last great message,
And then tell it o'er and o'er
For when Jesus comes, He'll ask us
Of the wreck along the shore.

Shall we stand there, empty-handed
By our silence be condemned,
When He has promised by His power
To save the souls of men?

When we meet our Lord in glory
May we pass that grand review,
And hear his grand "well done, my child",
There are many stars for you.

THOUGHTS ON MISSIONARY WORK.

One night I sat in my bedroom
And looked around to see,
All the wonderful blessings
The Lord had given to me.

But I saw in one small corner
A task that was left undone;
I saw some papers lying there
That should have been out, every one.

Yes, out and giving the message
To friends both far and near,
And I to gather the fragments
For the master who draweth near.

O Lord, Thou knowest the beginning,
The end Thou hast in store.
Help me, dear Father, from this hour
To work a little more "For Jesus'
sake, Amen."

THOUGHTS ON THE COMING OF CHRIST.

We are looking for the Saviour,
For we know He's coming soon.
Oh, may we not be waiting
To hear our final doom.

But to rise with Him in glory
To mansions in the skies,
From whence He soon will come again
To take us, bye and bye.

If we are only willing
To obey His blest commands
Hallelujah, shout Hosanna,
We are the chosen of the land.

He has paid the debt to Father,
And His name we will adore,
'Tis the precious blood of Jesus,
Saves and keeps forever more.

Then will be joy, yes, joy in Heaven
When His Father sees Him come,
With His blood-washed throng around
Him,
And we hear the glad "Well done."

THE NEW YEAR.

Another year will soon be o'er,
O may the new one be,
A year of greater service Lord
With hearts from sin set free.

We do not know the day or hour
That He may call each one
To lay our weary bodies down
And rest within the tomb.

But when we hear the glad triumph
If we are faithful here,
We'll rise to immortality,
And meet Him without fear.

So a glad New Year to one and all
And, if we many see,
May every one be greater love
And service, Lord, to Thee.

THE SEWING SOCIETY.

I send you a little poem,
It's not much I can do,
But a little word about Jesus,
Will help both me and you.

I know that my dear sisters
Are working hard today,
We can patch and sew for Jesus,
As well as preach and pray.

So God bless every little stitch
And needle full of thread,
For Jesus clothed the naked,
And gave the hungry bread.

And we, His little children,
Must serve Him here below,
For we know that on the great day
We shall reap just what we sow.

We don't want any money
For what we do for Him,
So we will clothe the naked,
And take the stranger in.

And when we get up yonder,
We'll hear the glad "Well done",
In a voice of love, so tender,
That will understand each one.

STAND TRUE TO THE TESTIMONIES.

Lines composed four months before Sister White's death.

We thank you for the Testimonies
Thou hast sent us day by day,
But we will still remember
That Thy servant is but clay.

But when touched by living fire,
And the pen was in her hand,
She sent forth these strong straight
Testimonies
To the Israel of all lands.

Shall we heed Thy spirit's message,
Search its warnings o'er and o'er,
If we do and then obey it
Soon with her, we'll reach that shore.

Then we'll sail on smoother waters
On the Sea of Glass, we'll land
With a crown upon our forehead,
And a harp within our hands.

Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb,
Of redemption full and free,
Then I'll stop and ask my Saviour
Why He saved a wretch like me.

As I look into His loving eyes,
His answer thus will be,
"I could not be happy yonder
When I saw all lost to thee."

So I obeyed my Heavenly Father,
And fulfilled His blest commands,
And thy name with many others
Was graven on my hands.

FIGHTING FOR THE RIGHT.

Yes, we hear of battles, many,
In the lands across the sea,
For there are evil spirits ruling
In the hearts of kings today.

No, God is not in these battles,
Its the hosts by Satan led,
That has caused the blood of many
On the field of battle shed.

But He has told us in His Holy word,
Written many years ago,
That just what things we hear of
To this would come, you know.

The nations, they are angry,
The time is drawing near
For the battle of Armageddon,
Very soon it will appear.

As a people we are working
In the army of the Lord.
Are we going forth to battle,
Is our sword the word of God?

Let each one be up and doing,
Early morning, noon an night,
Save our brothers and our sisters,
Going down by Satan's might.

Gather in the wounded soldiers
From the battlefield of sin,
Tell them of the love of Jesus,
Who died, their souls to win.

Shout the battle cry of freedom,
Raise the blood-stained banner high,
Stand with face toward the enemy,
Eternity draws nigh!

THE TWO PATHS.

There's a path that leads to duty,
And one, the other way.
God would like to know, dear children,
Which path you have travelled today.

For the master is calling for workers,
The laborers are very few,
The harvest's all ripened and ready,
He's calling for me and for you.

But methinks I hear someone saying,
"Excuse me, dear master, today,
For I've bought a yoke of oxen
And for them I have to pay."

And a voice from o'er in the corner,
In accents loud and clear,
Saying, "I've married a wife, dear
master,
And to me she is very dear."

And still another voice saying,
"I've gathered some friends to my
home,
The banquet for them is all ready.
We'll eat, drink, be merry, each one."

So the master looks down in sorrow
As He pleads with us day by day,
To tell them the gospel story
As they're passing along our way.

So may each one here this evening
See their duty bright and clear,
And gather them in from the by-ways,
For the master draweth near.

The battle will soon be over,
The fight will not last long
If we're found in the path of duty,
We'll soon sing the victor's song.

CLEARER DUTY TO GOD.

Yes, we often hear the master,
In a voice so sweet and low,
"Children, where you find your duty,
That's the place for you to go."

Do we always really listen
And obey that tender call?
If we do, we'll get the blessing
Christ will be our all in all.

It may be that our duty
Will cost us many a tear,
But He's promised to be with us
So we do not need to fear.

When our duty seems the hardest
And we cannot see the way,
He will be our light in darkness,
All we need to do is pray.

And this will be the answer,
Child, I've watched you all the way;
And this is where our duty lies,
Not to faint but always pray.

CHRIST, THE CORNER-STONE.

Lines on a sermon preached by Brother Owen.

The corner-stone is Jesus,
But He will let us in
If we are only willing
To be chiselled out by Him.

The chisel may cut deeply,
But its in the master's hands
And He only knows what's needed
To prepare us for that land.

When fitted in by Jesus
We'll be perfect, smooth and bright,
And be ready at His coming,
Be it morning, noon or night.

So we'll let the chips fly freely,
They are only bits of clay.
And we'll thank our dear kind master
That He chiselled them away.

We'll be fittly joined together
With His blood He did atone;
When He comes He'll take us with
Him,
Everyone, a living stone.

FEEDING THE HUNGRY SOUL.

I went into my brother's house
Affliction pressed him sore,
The troubled look upon his face
Read, "Nothing left in store."

"My cupboard, it is empty,
My breadbox scant and bare."
I asked the Lord to let me,
My brother's trouble share.

I thought of all Christ did for me
To help me on the way,
And how He left His home above
When we all had gone astray.

I looked into His loving eyes,
They smiled on me so kind.
He said, "Go feed the hungry,
A blessing you will find."

"For you, I've earned the Bread of Life,
You'll never hunger more,
Go tell to all this world
That there's plenty left in store."

"And unto every thirsty soul
The water shall be free,
For I have shed my blood for them
On the Cross of Calvary."

"I know you'll oft be weary
With the hardness of the way,

But I will go before you
Turning darkness into day."

I answered, "When I'm weary
I'll come to Thee for rest
And lay this trembling heart
Upon Thy gentle breast."

PATIENCE.

Did you ever cast out your anchor
And silently wait for the day
When the storm was raging around
you,
And there was nothing to do but
to pray?

And all things near you were evil,
And their tongues were a hissing
fire,
Did you then look into your heart
and see
There, only one great desire?

And that, that your Lord and Master
Would tarry no longer, but come?
But we must wait for the morning
And answer, "Thy will be done."

It was then the sweet voice of Jesus
As it whispered so kindly to me,
My Father kept me through all trials,
And His grace is sufficient for thee."

For soon this long night of darkness
Will end in a morning so bright,
"I'll take you home to your Father
Bear your cross, it's a halo of light."

MY LITTLE GIRL.

I have a little girl,
Her name I will not tell.
The noise she makes around the house,
Is like a clanging bell.

But when to school she goes away,
Her little bag in hand,
I say "God bless my little girl,
She's the dearest in the land."

I ask the Lord to bless her
And use her for His own,
To tell the love of Jesus
In many a heathen home.

When the Book of Life is opened,
May her name be written there,
And many stars be in her crown
In answer to this prayer.

MY BOY.

My boy to manhood soon will grow
Lord, by Thy spirit's power
Turn Thou his heart in love to Thee
And save him from this hour.

Temptation stalks on every hand
My boy, to soon betray,
O Lord, Thou only canst him keep
Within the narrow way.

And when the time of trouble comes
O help him to abide
Within the paths of righteousness,
With Jesus for his guide.

A mother's prayer goes up to Thee,
You never will despise,
For Thou wilt hear and answer it,
For Thou art ever wise.

GREETINGS TO MY BRETHREN.

I want to meet you on the earth made new,
The time is hasting, and the years are few.
Surely we'll soon be in the better land
If we obey and keep our Lord's command.

This earth is nothing but a desert waste,
But then we'll see our Saviour face to face.
The one who guided, kept us all the way,
And took our hands when we were wont to
 stray.

And led us on through many, many years,
And soothed each sorrow, wiped away our
 tears.

But, oh, the joy when face to face we meet,
In falling prostrate at our Master's feet.

SERVICE.

I have asked the Lord to give me
Just a little work for Him,
And then to help me do it,
With the love of Christ within.

If the task He gives seems heavy
And the load is hard to bear,
He has promised to be with me
And all my burdens share.

If we've had a friend that's failed us,
When we needed them the most,
Just take a look at Calvary,
Shall we not embrace the Cross.

If I have not any crosses
I will never wear a crown,
And to me He'll give no mansion
In that City of Renown.

So I'll ask Him, hourly, daily,
Every little cross to bear.
I must meet my Elder Brother
In my Father's home up there.

A CRY FOR HELP.

They are calling for the message,
From a darkened heathen land,
As a people, are we willing
To lend a helping hand.

Oh, to sit at ease in Zion
And see our brothers die
For the message of salvation,
And Jesus drawing nigh.

We all can't cross the ocean,
Or go so far from home.
But, dear, kind Heavenly Father,
Our prayers can reach Thy throne.

The widow's mite, you won't despise
You'll make it do its part.
But we must be the compass
To guide the Heavenly chart.

So the call has come to many
Who hath laid by in store,
To open up their pocket books
And give a little more.

BIRTHDAY WISHES FOR A FRIEND.

My earnest wish and heart's desire
That you will faithful be
Till Jesus comes to take you home
To dwell eternally.

And may Thy heart be filled with love,
Like the Man of Galilee,
And may thy prayer be none of self,
But all, oh, Christ, of Thee.

And with the trials of each day,
For surely they will come,
Then may Thy answer be each night,
O Lord, Thy will be done.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

I have travelled on Life's journey
For many weary years,
To the City of Jerusalem
Where God wipes away all tears.

I would like to take my friends,
And my children with me there,
But some say my way's too narrow,
While the lights on Broadway glare.

But it may be in the evening,
At the turning of the tide,
I will see them safely gathered
At my precious Saviour's side.

A mother's prayer is often heard
For the children of her love,
And hearts will be united
In that better land above.

Shall we not forgive each other
No matter what it be,
As Jesus died for me, I know
He died to set all free.

Then we'll all sing "Hallelujah",
Praise His name forever more
For sin shall never part us
On that fair, eternal shore.

THOUGHTS ON THE SEVENTH DAY SABBATH.

We thank Thee Lord, for morning light
That Thou hast kept us through the night.
Now give us grace just for today
To walk within the narrow way.

O help us some one to persuade
That Thou the seventh day Sabbath made.
A sign of Thy creative power,
To keep it Holy every hour.

Six days you've given us for work,
Shall we Thy seventh day Sabbath shirk?
So may we all with one accord
Be found within Thy house, O Lord.

And when our work on earth is done,
In that fair land beyond the sun,
We'll keep the Sabbath day with Thee
From every care and trouble free.

A SONG OF REJOICING.

The long night of sorrow will vanish
Then nothing but pleasure, no pain,
For Jesus is coming in glory,
He's coming to take us to reign.

With Him, up in yonder bright man-
sions.

We'll bow then and bless His dear
name,
And join with the angels in glory,
Praise God for the lamb that was
slain.

He carried our sins in His body,
They took Him to Calvary's cross,
He went there without a murmur,
For He never counted the cost.

So when trials and sorrow o'ertake us
He has promised our burdens to
share,

Take courage, my brother, take courage,
Press onward to do and to dare.

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH FOR US.

Christ suffered much upon the cross,
That Cross of Calvary;
It was my sins that nailed Him there,
He bled and died for me.

Did He refuse His Father's plea
To seek and save the lost?
He left His home in glory bright
And counted not the cost.

For the burden of a sin-lost world
Lay heavy on His heart,
He neither murmured nor complained
But nobly did His part.

Shall we refuse Salvation free
When bought at such a cost,
And shall we serve His enemy,
And, after all, be lost?

Dear Lord, help every living soul
That's heard His pleading voice.
May they be willing to obey
And in His love rejoice.

And may they in their daily lives
Live nearer to Thee, Lord
And show to others every day
The power of Christ abroad.

FIRST STEPS.

I thank Thee, Lord, for these friends
Who called on me today,
That Thou hast shown to them the
truth
They are willing to obey.

They know that Jesus died to save
Them from eternal death,
And Thou the seventh day Sabbath
made,
And sanctified and blest.

Now help them Lord to take each step
Right in the narrow way,
And may their faith and hope in Thee
Grow brighter every day.

And give to them their heart's desire
To see their loved ones saved
And not just them alone, O Lord,
But all for whom they've prayed.

And when Christ comes to take us
home,
May we rejoice to see
A crown of stars placed on each brow
For faithfulness to Thee.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

You are gathered here this evening
A young and happy band
Of workers for the master
Travelling to a better land.

He has told you by His spirit
That the young must end this work,
Is there any here this evening
Their duty wants to shirk?

I would like to call you all by name
But I don't think I can,
But there's Vinton Wright, he's grow-
ing
And Henry's quite a man.

Yes, we love to hear Joe singing,
Make the courts of Heaven ring.
We will know his voice up yonder
When he helps the angels sing.

Now, I have not called you all by
name,
But I hope you'll faithful be
To each duty that's assigned to you
Every Sabbath day, at three.

And not only on the Sabbath
But each day your prayer may be,
Just to win a soul for Jesus
For. He died to set all free.

Yes, a prize He's set before us,
Its a mansion in the sky
And a crown of brightest glory
At His coming, bye and bye.

THE SENTINEL.

I know we are in the shaking time,
The loud cry has gone forth
Let every man with sword in hand
Stand steady at his post.

Our sword is not of burnished steel
To do our brother harm,
It is the mighty word of God
To save them from alarm.

When that great day of God shall
come
In all its might and power,
He'll gather out the wheat from chaff,
O may we stand secure.

And when we see the Saviour come
With His angels band,
May we behold His face in love
And win the promised land.

TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

This three-fold angels' message
Is told on land and sea
And it is gathering many
For the year of Jubilee.

This three-fold angels' message
Has the power of Christ within,
It changes all our lives while here
And saves us from our sins.

But there are many thousands
That don't want to hear it told,
They think that they'll be saved
By a power that they call gold.

No, gold will never save them,
But the love of Christ within;
Just take a look at Calvary,
That's the gold that saves from
sin.

The blood bought gift of Calvary
Eternal life given free,
For that we shout and praise the
Lord
In the Year of Jubilee.

THE CROWN OF THORNS.

Yes, they stood and watched the Saviour
In His bitter pain and woe.
They did not know he suffered there
Because He loved them so.

Before the earth and seas were formed
He knew He'd death to taste,
His Father called Him to His side
And offered Him the place.

So when Adam fell, He stepped
Right in Himself a ransom gave
That sinners such as you and I
Eternal life might have.

He came and took our sinful flesh,
A man of woman born.
He stood the test of Satan's wiles
And braved that awful storm.

That brought Him to Gethsemane,
From there to Pilot's hall,
"And with this man," he cried aloud,
"I find no fault at all."

"Release to us, Barabbas,"
They cry the same today,
As when the master trod this earth
And gave His life away.

So God help us to be faithful
And obey His blest commands,
May we be salt with savor
And the Israel of the land.

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

There's a strife amongst the people,
They are crying for the blood
Of those that love the master
And dare to live His word.

Lord, by Thy Holy Spirit
Dispell this darkening power,
Uphold the side of righteousness
As in the days of yore.

Stand by Thy faithful servant
With all Thy might and power,
May he know Thee as Jehovah
In every trying hour.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

We thank Thee, Lord, for grace and
truth

This Sabbath day to know
And for the Blood of Jesus,
That washes white as snow.

CHORUS:

And for the Sabbath School, the Sab-
bath School,

The dear old Sabbath School,
For its here we come, both old and
young,
To learn the Golden Rule.

And we love to hear the story
Of the Cross of Calvary,
He to all His little children
Eternal life gave free.

—CHORUS.

Some have come here as children dear,
They've now to manhood grown,
And they dearly love the Sabbath
School
For it is the Sabbath home.

—CHORUS.

If we have to leave this Sabbath
School,

No matter where we roam,
We will try to find another one
For its just like going home.

—CHORUS.

“THE WHISPERED PRAYER.”

One day in a busy city
I stood on a crowded street
And watched the people passing,
Heard the tramp of their hurrying
feet.

Some faces were bright and happy
But some were filled with care,
And some had a look of sadness
Just bordering on despair.

As I stood, I watched and wondered
How many their Lord did know,
How many knew the blessing
Of having their sins washed white
as snow.

I breathed a prayer to my Father
As I stood on that busy street
That every one that passed me by
On the Sea of Glass I might meet.

I asked Him to keep me faithful
To sing His praises there
Where I'll never see any trouble
Or faces filled with despair.

**"LET NOT YOUR HEART BE
TROUBLED."**

We are standing in the light house
On the San Diego shore,
And the storm at sea is raging
And the billows 'round us roar.

But we're in the ark of safety,
We've the love of Christ within
By our light, we mean to beckon
Many from the seas of sin.

There are lonely hearts that are
breaking
For the loved ones far away,
Will they meet us on the morning
Of the Resurrection day.

Will they heed this last great mes-
sage,
Search its meaning o'er and o'er
If they do, and then obey it
They will safely reach the shore.

Where we'll all sing "Hallelujah!"
Praise His name for evermore.
For there will be no fear of storms
On that fair eternal shore.

THE NEW TEACHERS.

We have got two fine new teachers
In our church school, this year.
They rule by love and kindness
And not by frown or fear.

The children seem to love them
As the days go rolling on;
I'm sure they'll all be sorry
When this school year has flown.

They have helped us with our lessons
And we love them very dear;
When the roll is called up yonder,
May they answer "I am here."

For we are all God's little children,
Learning lessons here below
And if we learn them every day
He'll take us home, we know.

Then all day we'll our teacher
For there'll be no night there.
And for lessons that we've learned
while here
We'll get credit sure up there.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Lines on the leaving of one of our church school teachers.

We are going to lose our teacher
And we feel quite sick at heart,
For often we've been naughty
And have not done our part.

We have often him discouraged
By heeding not his way
And now that he is going
We would rather have him stay.

But we'll ask him to forgive us
As he will be forgiven,
And if we meet no more on earth,
I hope we'll meet in Heaven.

Before the great school teacher
That's our dear Lord, you know,
When He looks o'er our lessons
We'll reap just what we sow.

But we know you won't forget us,
Though you're going far away,
Just take us all to Father,
In the evening when you pray.

CASTING OUT THE "BEAM".

O yes, we think we're doing right
By him who smokes that awful
pipe,
By telling him it is a sin
And so it is, we'll prove and win.

Because he loves that pipe of clay
We say he'll be destroyed some day,
But then are we more pure than him,
Because we love some other sin?

Yes, tobacco is the vilest weed
And he that smokes it sows the
seed
At every step along the way,
There's thousands dying every day.

There are some sins just as great,
From which the Lord does turn in
hatè
And one of these is wilful strife
For that, we'll lose eternal life.

If we are harboring in our heart
A sin from which we don't depart,
We're just as far on the wrong way
As he who smokes the pipe of clay.

The day of grace will soon be o'er
The master's even at the door;
Let's cast our idols all away.
And each one break his pipe of clay.

WORKING WITH A WILL.

A little Poem on the End of the Church School Year.

There's Henry, he's always smiling
And Joe, he is laughing too,
And this little girl and that little girl,
Their eyes say "How do you do."

We are glad to welcome you, sisters,
To our nice school today;
We are learning to work for Jesus
To talk, to sing and to pray.

Our teachers are always willing
To show us the right way
And always kind and thoughtful
Whenever we go astray.

But to God be all the blessing
For what we are learning here,
We love our work so very much,
We are coming back next year.

THE SCOTCHMAN ON THE COMMITTEE.

They put me on the committee,
Old Satan he got mad
The way he entered some folks hearts,
Made them anything but glad.

I met a sister on the street,
She gave me an icy stare,
But she did not know that I was Scotch
And a Scotchman does not care.

I saw two more upon the car,
Their heads were close together,
And when they saw me coming
They just nudged one another.

"There's that Scotchman of the committee,
Who said we should not wear
Feather ruffs or jewelry,"
But I only breathed the air.

Then I overheard some little words
To this effect, you know:
"Why he's only a new member,
Why dare he say so and so."

But the newness of the membership
When called before the bar
Of the judgment seat of Heaven
Do you think that God will care?

If I have served Him faithfully
And loved Him here below,
I know I'll hear the glad "well done",
When home with Him I go.

So if you're ever asked to serve
Upon a committee
Just stand it all for Jesus' sake
That died for you and me.

THE FIRE LADDIES.

Have you seen our fire laddies!
They are heroes of renown,
Without these gallant fellows
Our town would soon burn down.

They hear the bell a tapping,
They come sliding down the pole
For they are ever ready
To reach the fire's goal.

God bless our fire laddies
As they speed through wind and
rain,
They loose the engines throttle
And the horses get the rein.

We see them rushing onward
For the building's all aflame,
They know when to a fire they go
They may ne'er come back again.

But they're brave, our fire laddies
And they give no thought to pain,
They will save the lives of others
Though they, themselves, get maimed.

But someday our fire laddies
Will hear the last tap of the bell.
When the roll is called up yonder
May their answer be, "All well."

May the chief of that Department
Read each title bright and clear,
And the angels, joined in chorus,
shout:
"The fire lads are here."

**LINES ON THE DEPARTURE OF
FRIENDS.**

Our friends, the Cottons, they have
 gone,
 And we will miss them sore
And all the little Cotton bales
 That grew around the door.

We were glad to help them on their
 way
 To better things in store,
Both for this world and that to come,
 God bless them ever more.

And if we meet on earth no more,
 In Heaven, where all is bright,
May we behold each other's face,
 And hail Christ with delight.

Then on the Sea of Glass, we'll stand
 And sing His praises there,
For Christ shall wipe away all tears,
 And there'll be no night there.

There's one thing needful they have
 got
 Since coming to our shore,
And that's the angels message, three,
 God help them ever more.

To live it every day and hour
 No matter where they roam

And tell it to each friend they meet
While they are travelling home.

And when they reach their dear old
home,
May they stand staunch and true
And keep the Lord before their face,
And His commandments do.

"A PLEA FOR TEMPERANCE."

There was once, in Bonnie Scotland,
A home so bright and fair
Until that demon, Rum, came in
And brought it to despair.

The father of that happy home,
It's strength could overthrow
But the mother was of gentle mein
Partook the cup of woe.

It is so sad to see a man
A drunkard on the street,
But, Oh, how terrible it is
To see a woman sweet.

The mother of a family
Brought down to grief and shame,
O God help us to fight the cause
And rightly place the blame.

She tried the tempter to o'ercome,
She tried, but tried in vain.
At last it laid her in the grave
Like one of thousands slain.

But that vile drink called alcohol,
God help us to fight it through
And if we can't do any more
This city save for you.

“THIRSTING FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS.”

Make me an empty vessel
Then fill with Thy spirit divine,
Then I'll never yield to temptation
And my heart will be wholly Thine.

Then when filled by Thy Holy Spirit
My heart will o'erflow with Thy
love,
And I will ever be ready
To meet Thee in mansions above.

Then in Thy presence forever
I'll praise thee all the day long,
For I will never be weary,
And this is the theme of my song.

Oh, how I love my dear Saviour
Because He first loved me,
And left His bright home in glory
To save a poor sinner like me.

**LINES TO A FRIEND ON HER
BIRTHDAY.**

This little line of love, I send
On this, thy natal day
And may the love and care of God
Be round thee all the way.

For if you serve Him here below
You'll reign with Him on high,
And you will ne'er be weary there
And every tear He'll dry.

And may thy kind, unselfish heart
Now hear His loving call
And when thy earthly friend doth fail
May He be all in all.

"TRUST."

Yes, God is Love,
We have trusted Him in many
years gone by,
And we will trust Him more and more
As we see the time draw nigh.

The nations, they are angry,
The seas and waters roar,
The Saviour soon will come again,
He is even at the door.

But He who feeds the little birds
That fly from tree to tree,
Do you think that He'll forget us
When He died to set us free?

No, my life's worth many sparrows
That falleth to the ground
And every one is noticed,
Why should trouble, me confound?

So I'll just keep drawing closer
'Neath His everlasting arm,
For He who feeds the little birds
Will save me from all harm.

"OUR APPOINTED TASK."

Yes, Jesus wept over Jerusalem,
For the sins that His people would do
I am sure He is oft filled with sorrow
For the failings of me and you.

I know we have failed Thee, dear Master
By not seeking and saving the lost.
"We have not the time," we keep saying
To point them to Calvary's Cross.

There's surely one point we have failed in
That's passing our poor brother's door.
We have not had time to listen
To the cry of the wretched and poor.

All these things you have asked us to do,
Lord,
Yes, this work must be done by us here
For He'll give us the strength that is
needed,
And His perfect love casteth out fear.

Then how glad we'll be at His coming
If we follow His percepts down here,
Our faces will lighten with gladness
Oh may we not meet Him in fear.

"OUR DUTY."

We are clogging the wheels of the printing
press

When our Sabbath supplies are not paid,
We are tired of hearing the cry, all the time
"Let an extra collection be made."

For papers we've used every Sabbath, you
know

This debt to the Lord we owe.
Do you think that our Saviour looks down and
is glad
When we know what we know?

That the bill for supplies is long overdue
And still we buy candy and gum;
Don't you think we could help this good cause
along
By dropping the habit, each one?

So when we are tempted to buy what is bad
For our health and our pocketbooks too,
Just stop, think and lay that nickel aside
For the bill that is long overdue.

For we are going to clear this old debt to the
slate.

And keep it clear all the year through.
And if each one is faithful and does his part
We'll pay every bill when its due.

THE LOST SHEEP FOUND.

Once I had wandered
Away from my home,
But Jesus found me,
I'll never more roam.

CHORUS

Jesus, dear Jesus
Keep close to my side,
Jesus, my Saviour
With me abide.

There's many thousands
Who are wandering today
Out on the highways,
They are going astray.

—CHORUS

Help me, dear Saviour
Some wanderers to find
And tell them you suffered
To save all mankind.

—CHORUS

And when Thou comest
In clouds bright and fair
May I and these loved ones
Meet Thee in the air.

—CHORUS

A POEM ON ROBERT BURNS.

The lad that made ye banks and braes
Lies sleeping in the tomb
But some day he'll see a fairer sight
Than the bonnie banks of Doone.

A sair sair heart he had that day
His Highland Mary went away,
But in that land so bright and fair
They'll meet again to part nae mair.

We'll ne'er forget the gifted Scot,
Or yet the land where he was born.
O yes, we'll hear our Bobbie sing
Upon the resurrection morn.

We'll meet with him who made all things.
Oh! joy, beyond compare!
The rich and poor yes, one and a'
Will brithers be up there.

So we're glad we met another year
In honor o' your name,
It won't be long, our Bobbie dear,
Till we all meet in yon hame.

SEVENTH DAY ADVENTISTS CAMP- MEETING.

Composed on Camp-Meeting Ground, August 28, 1915,
Huntington Beach.

It was the night before camp-meeting,
And our suit cases were packed.
When we asked the Lord to guide us,
And bring us safely back.

Early the next morning
As we stepped upon the train,
We asked Him for a blessing
E'er we came home again.

And now we're on the camp ground
And the big tent is in view
O, what a crowd of people
But there's room for me and you.

We've just had our first meeting
And as Elder Warren told,
Of the coming of the Saviour,
May each one here behold.

May our faces light with gladness
And not be pale with fear,
May our voices sing his praises
As we see him drawing near.

Then these vile bodies he will change
Like to His glorious one,
Then we'll rise with Him in triumph
And He'll take us safely home.

We have had a blessed season
With the people of the Lord.
We have listened to the singing,
We have heard the word of God.

There's our dear old Elder Lothborough,
Read the message bright and clear.
We know he'll meet the Saviour
Without a bit of fear.

He has preached this last great message
For sixty years, or more,
O, how he'll shout God's praises,
When we meet to part no more.

With him may we be gathered there,
Each one on this camp ground.
There's quite a goodly number, Lord,
Let room for each, be found.

Yes, room for us and many more,
The gray-haired, and the youth.
May not a one be missing there
That's ever heard this truth.

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